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THE LETTRE-DE-CACHET.

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"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian; "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. It is enough to have one's life and liberty at the disposal of bad laws, without holding them at the caprice of a nobleman or a king! What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me; and yet may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power—it must come down!"

"What must come down?" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment, "what must come down?" repeated he in a more authoritative tone.

"The Bastille," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully, upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "but I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly, "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, as you conceive," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know less than you do; you are tainted with a feeling of jealousy and rancour, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of the country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian—"he called me to hold his horse while he alighted, as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master was a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the Count, too," resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?"

Julian was silent.

"Answer me, sir," cried his master.

Julian folded his arms and still made no reply.

"Am I to be answered?" coolly demanded Monsieur le Croix. "I see the future traitor

in you, Julian," continued he, "this insubordination is only mischief in the bud. 'Twill come to more and to worse."

"May be," said Julian.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. "What would you have done, had the Count struck you?"

"Struck him again!" indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"So the Count thought," said Monsieur le Croix, resuming his coolness.

"I saw it," said Julian.

"How?" inquired his master.

"He changed color," said Julian, "and he changed his mind too; for he applied the whip to the shoulders of his valet instead of mine, and walked into the chateau."

"And you think the Count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The count afraid of you! Do you know the power of a count?"

"I do," replied Julian; "and the character of the Count. He is not fit to be admitted into an honest man's family."

"How?"

"He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris."

"Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it!—what, then, should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix.

"Julian, you quit my service," cried he.

"Very well."

"You quit it to night!"

"Very well."

"This hour!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye sir," said he—but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix: "I have been a faithful servant to you," resumed Julian.

Monsieur le Croix made no reply.

"I always respected you."

Still Monsieur le Croix was silent.

"I always loved you."

Not a word from Monsieur le Croix.

"I always shall love you," cried Julian, and turned to go.

"Stay," said his master, "you have lived with me eight years. You have been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous subject. You have begun to think for yourself—to question the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and

would give him blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket: "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and though we had commenced another year, that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse, take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop; than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continue to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you?"

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose color had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence: "It is," echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old regime. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framers of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honorable man. He was handsome too, and of a graceful, commanding figure, though now in the fiftieth year. He was married, and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife, who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her one and twentieth. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one, too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected in himself symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt; but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which from disparity of years he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune; it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance, to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so.

He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two—'twas a miniature!—a step or two more—"Twas his own!"—He could not suppress his emotions, he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old, a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom were reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much disappointed to rejoin immediately his wife and the Count. He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he too himself, "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it." The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and sooner or later will think of nothing else. "Not hesitate to strike the Count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother."

"Did she send you for me?"

"No."

"Why did you come then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the Count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself and stared upon his son.

"Threatened the Count!—Why sir?" said Monsieur le Croix, lowering his voice.

"Indeed I don't know," replied the child, but the Count was whispering something to her, and she told him she would call for you; and as I thought she looked angry, I came of my own accord to tell you."

"Remain here sir," said Monsieur le Croix, and left the study—in the act of shutting the door of which behind him, he heard a shriek which was immediately followed by the opening of the drawing room door. As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and presently a noise, as of a person violently thrown to the ground. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hands upon his sword. The Count was stretched upon the floor, Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix; but the Count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be

ed. The room was presently filled with domestics, the Count's attendants among the rest, who obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room after his wife, who upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the Count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix, "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered—Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which at this hour every evening regularly passes the gate of the chateau.

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy the other side of him—"A lovely sunset!"

"Yes," replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger, whom, for the last three nights they have observed about the ground," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Do you not pass in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked Monsieur le Croix.

"Julian could not meditate any injury to us," said Madame le Croix, musing.

"Do you think it is he?" repeated her husband more earnestly.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them. Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half-drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward, and clasped Julian round the knees. The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!"

"Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris?" ejaculated Le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastille!" rejoined Julian.

"What!" exclaimed Le Croix—Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian desponding; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian ran back to his father and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company," replied the leader, whose sword was drawn.

"Your authority?"

"A Lettre-de-Cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene.—That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastille.

Monsieur le Croix stood at the gate of his chateau. How he regained his liberty he knew not, neither was he aware of the means by which he found himself there. He entered his grounds with a feeling of doubt that he was walking in them, and short as was the distance from the gate to the door of his mansion, he felt as if he should never traverse it. At length he arrived at the well-known portal, and it opened to him, but there was a strangeness in the countenance of the person who pronounced his summons, and let him in. He ascended the staircase, apprehending at every step that it would vanish from under him. On the landing-place he saw Eugene, but scarcely did his eyes light upon him ere the boy was gone! He opened the door of the drawing-room with an indistinguishable sense of incertitude and alarm. His wife and the Count were there! They did not seem to perceive him, but to be wholly occupied with one another—how the heart of the husband beat! They spoke, but their words he heard not; he only saw what their looks discoursed—it was pleasure. The next moment swords were drawn, and he and the Count were engaged in mortal combat; but his thrusts were feeble and fell short; or if they reached his adversary, seemed to make no impression on him. At last he closed with the count—they struggled—Le Croix was thrown by his more youthful and powerful antagonist, whose sword was now pointed at the prostrate husband's throat. 'Twas a dream!—Monsieur le Croix lay stretched and awake upon his pallet in the Bastille.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon, with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating from the effects of his dream. He could have wept were it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone. He listened—not the whisper of a foot-step!—To be starved to death in prison! Such a

thing had occurred, might occur again!—Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What was intended?" He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again—"did he not hear something? No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead!—a kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild!—rapine!—murder!—houses in flames! All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastille. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of the prison, and throw down its walls—the very earth on which he stood began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he had heard above him? or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. "Was the Bastille beset?—It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastille has surrendered, or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawn, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitation. He clasped his hands convulsively—he stirred not—he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison.

A ray of light shot through the key-hole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon; had not a thousandth-part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the band of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges. The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who rushing forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked—

"**THE DOWN!—THE BASTILLE IS DOWN!**"

A TRICK OF TRADE.—A wheelwright who had contracted to build a good pair of wheels, was putting on the finishing touch, that is, filling the worm holes with putty—when the other party to the contract came in.—"What are you doing that for?" said the latter. "O, putty makes them stronger!" replied he of the putty knife, as he slapped something like half a pound of the commodity into a vacuum which had been previously occupied by a certain convocation of politic worms.—"There! should like a pair *all putty*," added the other.—*Dunstable Telegraph.*

A RARE DAY'S WORK.—A laborer presented himself, last Thursday, at a store in Washington street, and asking for employment was told by the clerks, who were disposed at the moment to be facetious, that they were particularly in want of some one to do a piece of work, the nature of which they proceeded to explain. It was to take up a brick, which they pointed out on the side walk, carry it directly across the street and lay it down in a certain spot on the opposite walk, and having done so to pick it up, retrace his steps and lay it down precisely where he found it. This they wished repeated without intermission for a whole day, and for such a day's work they would pay him twelve shillings.—The applicant signified his assent to the bargain, but as he went away with the air of one who twigg'd a quiz, nothing more was thought of the matter. Early the next morning, however, he appeared on the ground and commenced his labors; and though it rained most of the day, he continued with imperturbable gravity in spite of the merriment he caused, to obey his instructions in every minute particular, and without intermission, from seven in the morning till six in the evening. On presenting himself for payment, according to contract, he observed to his employers that they had probably mistaken him for one of the idle vagrants with which the city abounded; that his application was not for charity, but for the opportunity of faithfully earning the means of his subsistence; and that being unable to find employment, he had held them to their bargain from the most pressing necessity. And now, said he, I'll get my supper, for I have not had a morsel to eat to-day. This announcement changed at once the complexion of the whole affair, and appealed to the more serious feelings of his employers, who voluntarily added a half dollar to his stipulated wages; and it is probable that this day's work will be the means of his obtaining ample employment hereafter.—*N. Y. Standard.*

A prisoner being brought up to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: "How do you live?" "Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and pudding at dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?" "I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop." "You may be as witty as you please, sir but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do?" "Tolerably well, I thank your worship; I hope your worship is well."—*London Paper.*

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—It appears from a calculation in the Phil. Sentinel, founded on experiments with a mechanical instrument, that the valve of the glottis, which evolves with the emission of air from the wind pipe, will move treble as quick in the female as in that of the male; and will perform 576 movements for the lowest notes, and 1620 for the highest in one second. This unravels the whole secret of female volubility. We always thought there was no mistake about it.

The Fisherman of the North Sea.
AN INTERESTING TALE.

The sterile coast of Scotland possesses few situations, which surpass, in point of dreariness, the sight of Dunscambie Castle. This massive pile of architecture, situated in a barren plain, upon the extreme north-eastern point of the kingdom, exposed to the black blasts of the north sea in front, and the heavy drifts of snow from the mountains in the rear, offers but few inducements as a habitation of mankind. Nor does the castle relieve the dreariness of the heath that surrounds it. A mass of frowning towers and battlements, half-dissipated, and overgrown with moss and ivy, and on which a century hath showered its darkness and decay, sung to by nought save the howling wind, the shrieking mew, or the moan of the North Sea, as it dashes against the rocky shore, is a sight illy calculated to cheer or enliven the feelings of a spectator.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the dark stone towers, and lighting its gloomy halls and galleries through the fretted casements, when a person attired in the finest garb of a hunter, and followed by a brace of hounds, issued from the castle gate, and bent his course lustily towards the shore. There was the void of an unoccupied mind in the expression of his handsome countenance, which was slightly tinged with the effects of dissipation, and seating himself upon a rock, he directed his attention to the graceful swoops of the sea-bird, for want of a more interesting and engaging subject. Presently another figure, whose apparel bespoke him a fisherman, advanced, and touching the hunter, to apprise him of his presence, he exclaimed, "Ellen is dead." The voice was stern and tremulous, and the blue eye of the young fisherman lightened his melancholy features with a deep and troubled emotion; but it passed away, and he stood calm and collected, awaiting his companion's reply.

The hunter started and grew slightly pale, as his eye fell upon the fisherman, but quickly recovering his equanimity, he said, "Can I in any manner, allay your grief? Masses shall be said for her repose, and here, Paul, is gold to discharge her funeral rites; take it man, and if it is not sufficient you shall have more."

"No, Sir James," returned the fisherman, with a repulsive wave of his hand, and a smile of bitterness upon his countenance, "we have enough from the hard earned savings of our daily toil, to deposit the victim of your seduction in the bosom of our mother earth."

"Paul, had Ellen lived, I should have yet redeemed her honor," said the nobleman, visibly affected by the deep and impassioned tones of the fisherman, which seemed to issue from his inmost soul: "I have frequently meditated reparation, and finally resolved upon it; it is the truth, Paul, the honest truth."

"The descendant of Dukes and Earls, the heir to a princely name and fortune connect himself with the daughter of a menial!" said Paul, sternly eyeing his companion: "Sir James, it is useless to add the epithet of liar to that of villain."

"Paul these are hard terms for thy lord,

liege, and master," exclaimed the nobleman, visibly rebuked; "but your feelings are aroused, and I forgive them as the workings of a heated and excited imagination."

"Sir James," returned the fisherman, "I have had enough to drive me mad, stark, staring mad; but I thank God that I have yet retained my reason."

"I acknowledge I have not acted honorably towards your sister," resumed Sir James "but Paul, I am willing to make every reparation to you and your old father."

"Reparation!" exclaimed the fisherman, while his eyes glowed with indignation, "what reparation can restore my sister's honor—you have murdered her—altered her name with a foul and blasted reputation—sent her before her God, robbed of her virgin purity—with the glow of shame upon her cheek—dragged the grey hairs of her old heart-broken father to the verge of the grave—stabbed my peace of mind forever in this world—and you now talk of reparation!—O, fiend! fiend!—I wonder that the lightning of heaven does not blast you to ashes!"

"Paul! Paul!" said the nobleman, while his cheek grew pale, and his lip quivered with emotion, "this is too much to be endured; it is indeed. Paul, recollect your station and mine; think on that Paul."

"Fool," shouted the fisherman vehemently, "do you think the fortune and title entailed upon you by your ancestors, license you to defile the virtue of those, who, though poor and despised by the aristocracy, exceed you in generosity; have souls, and will sit as high in heaven. Draw, sir, draw—you must fight: the spirit of a murdered sister cries, revenge!"

"Paul, I am master of the weapon, and could sport thy life at pleasure," said the nobleman, "go home, and we will talk the matter over, when you have recovered your self-possession; recollect, Paul, I am powerful and can revenge, but will forgive thee this."

"Sir James," resumed the fisherman, coolly, "I am not to be trifled with by a cold-hearted and unprincipled villain. Draw, and defend yourself, or by my God I'll run you through."

"Then your blood be on your head," shouted the nobleman; unsheathing his rapier.

Both planted their feet firmly upon the hard earth, measured and crossed their shining rapiers; they were perfectly cool and collected, and each parried and thrust with the nicest precision; for a long time, during which, but slight scratches were inflicted by either party, victory remained undecided; but then, as Paul attempted a lunge, his sword flew high from his grasp: Sir James had disarmed him; the fisherman offered his heart to the victor's weapon, but the nobleman stepped proudly on his heel, exclaiming, "Young man—I give you your life, and forgive you your insults."

It was late that night when the fisherman returned to his wretched abode after his discomfiture; he had sought the wildest quarter of the shore, and there, seating himself upon the rocks, he listened to the angry roar of the wave, as it foamed against the beach,

and the heaving of his bosom was quieted, his lips quivered no longer, for there was something in the wild and fearful moan of the troubled deep, that allayed the storm in his bosom; ideas dawned upon him there that seemed to mark his future destiny, and point out a bright star in the prospective vista of his existence. Whatever his feelings and thoughts were there that night, they seem to have effected a complete revolution in the young fisherman's mind, for he arose calm and unperturbed, and with a deep resolve upon his countenance, that seemed to throw a manly nobleness over his soul, he entered the gloomy and sorrowful abode of the poverty-stricken and heart-broken father.

"Paul, Paul," exclaimed the aged parent, who had been informed of his son's encounter with the nobleman, "has not misery enough this day fallen on our house, but that you should add more to the insupportable burthen, by insulting him, whose generosity affords us a shelter from the storm?"

"And whose villany has brought disgrace upon our name?" exclaimed the son. "O, father, it is imbecility that prompts you to speak thus of your child's murderer. Can you sit there and chide me for seeking revenge?"

"Boy," interrupted the parent, sternly, "leave revenge to heaven; Sir James is a peer of the realm, and must not be insulted by a serf like thee; he has wronged me deeply, I allow; but it is not for thy hands to avenge that wrong."

"Old man, from the bottom of my soul I pity your infatuation," said the son.—"Peer of the realm! And does that empty title, which must pass away like other earthly things, privilege its wearer to scatter death, desolation and misery upon the threshold of the unfortunate? By Heaven! did he sit on the throne, surrounded by all the ensigns and pomp of immaculate royalty, I would act the same. Sacrifice my life, my hope, my all, for one single moment of revenge!"

"Silence, impious boy!" thundered the gray-haired parent, "or if you cannot hush your treason, out of my house, and speak it to the air."

"Be it so, father," said Paul, rising and moving towards the door, "I would fain see my sister laid in the earth, but I will forego the sight at thy command—may God grant thee health and happiness—farewell." And the young fisherman hurried away, and was in a few moments lost in the darkness of the night.

"Paul," shouted the old man—for there was love in his bosom for the boy, "Paul, my son, my dear and obedient son—come back; I did not mean to hurt thy feelings, and if I did, can you not forgive an old heart-broken father, whose head is turned with misfortune? Paul, come back, or I will go mad!" The old man paused, and the restless North sea, was the sole response to his speech. "Paul," shouted he again, but the same human silence pervaded as before, and the miserable old man sunk back exhausted, disconsolate, and almost inanimate.

There is an interval of many years before we again introduce the young fisherman to

our readers; it is not necessary that he should be traced through all the depressive and exalted circumstances, which attended his indelible struggles for distinction.

A country had thrown of the yoke of Great Britain; thither he hastened, animated by the love of liberty, and hatred of oppression. He ranged himself in the ranks of the intrepid and hardy colonists; fought and bled with them; and in a few years experienced a consecration of honors, which nothing but hero's valor, patriotic zeal and the respect and love of a mighty and generous nation could have awarded him.

One morning, a lofty vessel bearing the flag of the United States, anchored off Duncanby Head. An old man stood upon the beach, watching with interest the proud barque that floated so gracefully and gallantly upon the water. "It is a vessel of the mighty people that repelled the soldiers of our king," muttered the old man; "they are a great nation. They say there's no distinction there betwixt the poor man and the rich, and fisherman is as much respected and protected as the master of a thousand pounds." Here his musings were hushed; a boat was seen pulling from the ship, and heading towards the shore.

With awe and respect the old man gazed upon the strange people as they stepped upon the beach—one of them, who appeared by his dress to be a superior officer, stood, and for a moment confronted the old man, who shrunk from the deep gaze of his blue eyes. "Do you not remember the child of your own flesh and blood?" said the officer. "Father, do you forget your truant Paul?"

The old man was stupified, his eye roamed over the figure of the handsome officer, and then his recollection was thrown back upon his wayward boy.

For a moment he doubted his senses, and paused his hand across his brow, with a bewildered air, but gradually the identification beamed upon his understanding, and clasping the officer to his breast, exclaiming, "welcome, my son, welcome to your old father's heart." He could speak no more—worth could convey no idea of his feelings, and he adjoined them; once he wept like a child, and then he laughed immoderately, for there was vanity and delight at the old man's heart.

"Place him on board," said the officer to one of his comrades; and in a few moments the old man paced the deck of a ship, commanded by his own brave and long lost son.

The officer, accompanied, by a file of marines, then proceeded towards the castle; on inquiring for Sir James, he was shown into the oratory; the nobleman rose at his entrance, and bowing courteously, desired his visitor to be seated.

"You do not recognize me, Sir James," said the officer, "time has effaced my recollection from your memory."

"If I ever had the pleasure of your acquaintance, it has," returned the nobleman, gazing earnestly at the features of the officer.

"Look again, Sir James; examine well, and you may perceive in the hard countenance of him who now confronts you, lineaments of the injured Paul —"

"Ha! I recognize you," said the nobleman, in a husky voice, while his cheek assumed an ashy paleness, and his hand grew tremulous as the leaf of autumn; twice he essayed to speak again, but as often his voice failed him; but at length, with a desperate effort, he broke forth—"Yes, Paul, I recollect you well; but you have been fortunate in your absence." As the nobleman concluded, he attempted a complaisant smile; but it was abortive, and died ghastly upon his thin and coloured lip.

For a time the officer remained silently gazing at his companion, who seemed to shrink from the penetrating blue eye that pierced the inmost depth of his soul; at length breaking the silence, with a low, deep intonation, that his voice always wore when excited, he said, "And I bless it, that it has given me the power of revenging her who sleeps the victim of your treachery. Sir James we must fight!"

"Fight!" echoed the nobleman, solemnly; "is it not better, Paul, that the past should be forgotten? it can never be recalled, and the death of either of us would not assist the case a particle; many years have fallen over that transaction, and it sleeps almost forgot: then why awaken the recollections of a circumstance, which will only serve to call forth painful feelings, without an attendant to alleviate them."

"Sir James," answered the officer, and his voice seemed to heave from his inmost chest, "I have experienced many vicissitudes of fortune since I fled this shore, and encountered enough of the storms and calms of life to efface the remembrance of many occurrences, but that one is deeply, too deeply for my equanimity, engrafted here. As he spoke, he placed his hand emphatically on his breast, and there was a moment of painful silence. He again resumed; "All my struggles for distinction have been instigated partially that we might meet on an equality. When we were both younger, we crossed weapons; there was discrepancy then in our station; you were a peer of the realm, heir to a princely name, and I, a poor despised fisherman: but time has effected a change in that regard: you still retain your title and distinction, and I have the honor to command in the navy of the thirteen States, comprising the Republic of America—all objections are removed, and if you are a man you cannot refuse the satisfaction I require."

The nobleman was again about to remonstrate, but there was something in the expression of his companion's countenance, that told him that it was useless, and changing the subject, he said.

"Suppose I will not engage with you?"

"Then you will perish unresistingly," answered Paul.

"What if I ring for my attendants?" said, or rather asked the nobleman, for he gazed deeply in the countenance of his companion, to mark the effect of such an event.

"My followers guard the entrance," answered the officer calmly. Sir James suffered his arm to drop, and for a moment stood regarding Paul with a gaze of stupefaction,

but quickly recovering himself, he rushed to the table, and grasping his rapier, fiercely exclaimed, "Then by my soul you shall have what you so earnestly seek."

The mariners stationed in the gallery heard the clash of steel, which in a few moments was succeeded by a heavy fall. In another moment their officer opened the door and stood before them. There was a haggard wildness in his eye, an apparent abstraction in his countenance, his cheek was pale as marble, and his hand which grasped his naked sword trembled violently. "Give way there ye slaves!" shouted he to the domestics, who began to crowd the entrance; and then turning to his followers he exclaimed—

"To the beach my men—on to the boat, and let us quit this land of treachery and oppression!"

By the time the officer regained his ship, he was calm, and all traces of recent passion had fled his countenance; his orders were delivered with customary coolness, and nothing remained to tell of the fierce storm which had but a little while previous raged in his bosom.

The anchor was drawn up—the white canvas fell from the yards—the sheets were hauled firmly home, and the stately ship swung round on her course, and in a few moments was moving majestically forward, dashing aside the the angry waves that tossed and fomed on her watery path: and when the sun that evening illumined the dashing North Sea with her setting beams, he beheld the lofty ship far on her way to that land where all men are born equal, and where the arm of justice is ever extended to protect the persecuted end unfortunate from the oppression of despotism and tyranny.

For the *Magnolia*.

The Christmas Box.

By *Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Gent.*

We'll love, the dear old holidays
Have come again at last;
Wish you a happy trimm'd with lace,
By Mam'zelle Pendergast?
Or will you have a dunstable,
Or carcanet, or rings?
You know Miss Whatever's shop is full
Of most exquisite things.

No, mamma, I had rather have
An azure-colored vest,
For Harry Danford used to say
He liked that hue the best;
But what ails sister Susan, ma?
She sobbed the whole night thro',
And every little while she'd say,
Alas! I'm twenty-two.

Why, Susan, what's the matter dear?
You look so pale and sad;
I promised you as fine a cap
As Miss Mac Festine had.
Now, dearest, choose your Christmas box:
I'll buy it, love, you know.
Oh! then, kindest, best mamma—
Buy me a little bon.

Pine Creek, Jan. 1854.

The following piece is by *Notterrell*. It surpasses in the simple and touching melancholy, peculiar to the kind of poetry to which it belongs, any thing we have lately seen. Indeed, we recollect nothing from Burns that would be at all disparaged by comparison with it.

My Heid is like to rend Willie.

My heid is like to rend Willie,
My heart is like to brak—
I'm wearin' off my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my breast-bane—
Oh, my you'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sae grief an' sorrow has its will;
But let me rest upon your breast,
To sob and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shud here a tear,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never shall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A poor heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it airt and mair,
Or it will burst the sikeen twine,
So strong is his despair!

Oh, wa's me, for the hour, Willie,
When we togither met—
Oh, wa's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh, wa's me for the loney green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wa's me for the destinie
That gart me love thee aye!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame;
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree to a warld's shame!
Hes tears are hailin' o'er your cheek,
And hailin' o'er your chin;
Why weep ye aye for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin!

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be;
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And his aye mair the white, white cheek,
You said was red, langyne.

A stoun' goes thro' my head, Willie,
A sair stoun' thro' my heart—
Oh! haud me up, and let me kiss
Thy brow, o'er we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet!
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon Kirk-yard,
Step lightly, for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lifts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Above the clay-could deid;
And this green turf we're stitlin' on,
Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
Will hae the heart that hae it there,
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On lang, where'er you be;
And oh! think on the leaf, leaf heart
That ne'er haeit aye but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld moor,
That die my yellow hair;
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never shall see mair!

The most of reclute Authors are like asparagus—their head is the only thing valuable about them.

From the New-York Mirror.

The Wonderful Cloth, or the Birth-Right Test.

Three adventurers once presented themselves to a king; I am unable to say of what kingdom; he, however, was a king, and a rich one. They told him they were possessors of a secret for the manufacture of a most wonderful cloth; but that its fabrication required an extravagant outlay, and one far beyond their means; but such were its marvellous properties, that they doubted not but his majesty would furnish them with the facilities to establish a manufactory. They assured him that one born of base lineage could neither see nor touch it.

The king heard their relation with astonishment. Kings are malicious, and he inwardly chuckled at the pleasure he should derive from the exhibition of his wonderful cloth to the followers of his court. They were immediately furnished with commodious apartments, and money and silk provided them to commence their operations.

At the expiration of two weeks, one of them informed the king that the stuff was in progress, and that it was the most beautiful cloth in the world. If his majesty desired to view it, he was solicited to come alone.

The king, to assure himself of the fact, immediately dispatched his grand chamberlain, to whom the trio, before admitting him into their "sanctum," expatiated at length on the indscrutable properties of the extraordinary stuff, so that, on his arrival, the poor chamberlain, who, in reality saw nothing, felt compelled to declare he did, and, on his return to the king, greatly praised its magnificence and beauty.

The work continued advancing; and the progress was constantly reported to his majesty, who, desiring to test his whole court, sent, at each successive intimation of the manufacturers, a different member. Like the poor chamberlain, each returned to his highness singing the praise of the cloth.

At length the king, whose curiosity was excited by these unanimous encomiums, determined to visit this wonderful cloth himself. Arrived at the factory, he saw the workmen apparently engaged at the looms; but all else was invisible.

"See," said they, "how soft and fine is this texture; how beautiful this design; how bright and glowing are these colors; and how elegant and tasty the disposition of these shades."

And they rose and pretended to unfold a piece to his view. The king, ashamed at not being able to see it, when so many persons had asserted their having done so, was enduring an agony of mortification in the reflection of not being legitimately born!

Behold our monarch, then, inwardly cursing his mother and his father; and ready, too, to commence a violent quarrel with his queen.—However, courtier-like, he quickly recovers from his first surprise; he nobly sustains his dignity, and, to each observation of our adventurers, he responds with compliments and praises.

In time so well did our gentry work, that

there was not a single person at court but spoke of the wonderful cloth, and all deemed they established their right, by asserting they had seen and touched it.

One day, our adventurers, emboldened by their success, went so far as to propose making an official robe for his majesty, to be worn on an approaching gala day. The king, who was tempted to discover whether there was not in his capital some companions in misfortune, promptly accepted their offer.

After having accurately measured the monarch, our trio returned home and appeared busily engaged in preparing the dress. On the appointed day, they re-appeared at the palace ostensibly with his majesty's garments. Shown to his apartments, they went through the operation of dressing him, lauding, at intervals, the beauty of the stuff and the excellence of the fit.

His majesty was confounded, but still maintained his discretion. The operation concluded, he mounted his charger, and proudly paraded the city streets in the midst of a superb cavalcade.

No one was ignorant of the astonishing properties of the cloth; so every one must see it, and all therefore added to their cry of "Long live the king!" "What a splendid coat he has got!" This much enraged the king, who was more vain to believe himself the basest born personage in his kingdom.

Suddenly a little Moor, groom to his majesty, cried out, "Why the king is naked!"—This cry was echoed by his comrades. Instantly the people too began to join in the clamor. The king finished by declaring his belief in its correctness; and finally the grandees coincided in opinion with his majesty.

The emissaries of justice were dispatched to the domicile of the three adventurers, but they were not to be found—neither was gold, silver nor silk visible about their forsaken premises. The monarch to his great joy to find himself equally well born with the members of his court, would not permit the pursuit of the runaways.

It is thus many errors are established in the world, and that many prejudices exist only by the fear we entertain of rendering ourselves singular by opposing them.

The Patriotic Milkmaids.

During the war in the Low Countries, the Spaniards intended to besiege the city of Dort, in Holland, and accordingly planted some thousand soldiers in ambush, to be ready for the attack when opportunity might offer. On the confines of the city lived a rich farmer, who kept a number of cows on his grounds, to furnish the city with butter and milk. His milkmaids at this time coming to milk their cows, saw, under the hedges, the soldiers lying in ambush; they, however, appeared to take no notice, and having milked their cows, went away, singing merrily. On coming to their master's house, they told him what they had seen, who, astonished at the relation, took one of the maids with him to a burgomaster at Dort, who immediately sent a spy to ascertain the truth of the story. Finding the re-

port correct, he began to prepare for safety, and instantly sent to the states, who ordered soldiers into the city, and commanded the river to be let up by a certain sluice, which would instantly put that part of the country under water where the besiegers lay in ambush. This was forthwith done, and a great number of the Spaniards were drowned; the rest, being disappointed in their design, escaped, and the town was thus providentially saved. The states, to commemorate the merry milkmaids' service to their country, bestowed on the farmer a large annual revenue, to compensate the loss of his house, land and cattle, and caused the effigies of a milkmaid milking a cow to be engraven on all the coin of the city. This impress is still to be seen upon the Dort coinage; similar figures were also set up on the water gate of the Dort; and to complete their munificence, the maiden was allowed for her own life, and her heirs forever, a very handsome annuity.

THE MOLE-HILL AND THE MOUNTAIN.

A towering mountain reared its head to the skies on one side of a wide and deep valley; on the other, a little mole-hill lay basking in the sun. As it contemplated the distant mountain, shooting its snow-cap brow into the regions of boundless space, far above the clouds, and beheld the gilded glories of its distant summit, the mole-hill became discontented and unhappy. It contrasted its own insignificance with the awful and majestic outlines of its mighty neighbour; it wished a thousand times that it could raise its head above the clouds; it sighed at the thought, that it could never become a mountain, and impeached the justice of the gods for having made it only a mole-hill to be trodden upon by man, and crawled over by the most contemptible insects. In short, it pined itself into a wretchedness, and sacrificed all the comforts of its own littleness to desire of becoming great.

As it one day lay gazing upward at the distant object of its envy, a storm suddenly gathered around the summit of the mountain; the lightnings leaped with forked tongue, the thunder rolled, the tempest lashed its lofty sides and the torrents poured down, tearing their way, and ploughing deep ravines in the course, while all beneath remained perfectly quiet, and the little mole-hill lay basking in the sun-beam of a summer-morning. Scarcely had the storm passed away, when the earth began to rock and tremble as with an ague, a rumbling and appalling noise raged in the bowels of the mountain, which suddenly burst, throwing volumes of smoke and showers of fire into the peaceful skies, that turned from blue to glowing red. Rivers of burning sapd gushed out from its sides, coursing their way toward the valley and scathing the verdure and the woods into black smoking ruins. In a few hours, the majestic mountain seemed as if it were disemboweled, and having nothing to sustain it, fell with a crash that shook the surrounding world and hid the ambient skies in a chaos of dust and ashes. The mole-hill had all this time remained quiet and safe in its lowly retreat, and when the obscurity had become dissipated and it beheld the great ob-

ject of its envy crumbled into a mass of smoking ruins, it became all of a sudden the happiest of mole-hills. "Body o' me!" it cried, "but it is a great blessing to be little. Oh, Terra! I thank thee that thou didst not make me a mountain!"—*Fables by Paulding.*

From the New York Mirror.

A Tale of Truth.

On the plains of Stillwater lived a revolutionary veteran and his little family—a wife and an only son, a sprightly lad of sixteen. A small plot of ground, amply served their limited want; and a "little all" it was—for, sheltered by a "snug little cot," from wintry storms and summer's heat, fed by healthful industry, they passed along the vale of life in simple, solid, "sweet content." Here, with an honest, grateful pride, did the old man behold his country rapidly rising in national piety and physical splendor, to a peerless rank among the kingdoms of the earth; and here he could have spent the few remaining days left for him, had not the death of his wife, and the future welfare of his son, opened a new and wide field for exertion. He knew that his much loved son was soon to be left in this mercenary world, without an earthly guardian or support, and he felt the imperious call of duty to see him settled in life, if possible, ere he should be gathered to his fathers.

One plan alone seemed probable to succeed which was to avail himself of a hitherto neglected military land-title. This title covered a large tract somewhere in the eastern part of Kentucky; but, from the alteration of names, he was unable to tell its precise situation.—He, however, resolved to search for it, at all hazards, and accordingly sold his trifling estate, settled his debts, and set forward on foot with all the firmness of one injured to toils and hardships from infancy.

For one moment we will paint to ourselves the lovely landscape, with its skirted forest—its gurgling rill—its lowing cow and bleating sheep—yonder hill, and at the foot, the circumscribed cottage, the home of the old patriot, and near it the grave of his wife: then behold the father, son, and faithful dog bidding the whole a silent, a lasting farewell!

The father was leaving the field of his glory, and the remains of his partner: in these two there were associated the recollections of his dearest sublunary joys—the virtues and affections of his departed wife, and the first radiations from the sun of American liberty.

Whatever excitement shook him internally his features wore the aspect of firm, high resolve.

Not so the son; in that grove and by that babbling rill, he and his dog had gambled away many a vernal holiday. In that dear native hut, oft had he beguiled a long winter's evening, by listening to his father's legends of the old war, or coned over and over his prayers from the mouth of his sainted mother; he was now to leave them forever. His ingenuous soul withered at the thought. From this circle all his joys and sorrows sprung—beyond it, all was vacuity. The fountain of youthful hope and buoyancy was closed, and tears flow-

ed in their native exuberance as he turned and left the cottage of Stillwater Plains.

They bent their way to the nearest branch of the Alleghany, on which they embarked in an open boat, penniless, and with a small store of eatables. One stormy evening, in the month of November they tied their canoe to a tree, and made their way to the nearest dwelling which proved to be the habitation of an unfeeling planter. He turned a deaf ear to the claims of patriotic age, and shut his door upon our shelterless wanderers! Ingratitude overcame the veteran who had scorned the frosts of '76 and but for his son, he would have sunk under the weight of his misfortunes.

They passed the night in one of the planter's barns, hungry, wet and cold, on a bed of straw! At the dawn of day, our travellers set forward to the next village, and obtained a breakfast. They found themselves in Kentucky, on one of those extensive alluvial bottoms, peculiar to the great western rivers of North America.

On taking his title to a lawyer, the old gentleman found to his astonishment, that it was a wealthy plantation; and what must have been his feelings, on finding it to be occupied by the same brutish nabob who, the night preceding, drove him and his suffering child from his door!

The wretch in his turn was forced to beg, for he had not enough left to pay the rent which had been amassing for *twenty years*: yet with more effect, for he was allowed to spend the remainder of his miserable days on a remote portion of the plantation. His life had been a series of cruelty and knavery, and this last crowning act was followed by the temporal beginning of an eternal retribution.

Francis Aretine, a celebrated teacher of laws, at Ferrara, in Italy, once resorted to a singular mode to convince his students of what consequence it is to be reputed an honest man. He went to the butcher's shambles before day, and with the assistance of his servant, broke open their shops, and stole a quantity of meat. Two of his students who were known to be mischievous, were suspected, accused, and imprisoned. Upon this, Aretine pleaded their cause before the judges, and finally confessed that he was the guilty person, and insisted on the discharge of the prisoners. But the more he insisted on this, the more the judges were convinced of the guilt of the students; for no one dared to suspect a law-professor of such a crime, whose gravity, wisdom, and honesty were so well known. And it was long before Aretine could succeed in convincing the judges that he committed the act for the purpose of showing the advantages of a good, and the disadvantages of a bad reputation.—*Lowell Jour.*

A MERRY PLACE.—"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"

"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think?"

"And why so?"

"Because, I am told that there, all bodies lose their gravity.—*Constellation.*

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday January 11, 1834.

To our Patrons.

According to the good old custom which has existed from time immemorial, we salute our readers with the friendly salutation of "a happy New Year." From the date of our paper we may be considered by the fastidious "a day too late for the fair;" yet, embracing the old maxim, that "it is never too late to do good," we make our congee, and with a grateful heart, warmed with the spirit of friendship and good feeling, wish our kind patrons all the felicities of the season. Nor are our wishes confined to the pleasures of those days of mirth, frolic, and friendship which enure the holiday period, but extend through all the vicissitudes of future life. To all old and young, and in every variety of situation and circumstances, we wish health, wealth, and peace; a fulfilment of every virtuous desire that can add to their happiness; the enjoyment of that friendship which cannot be destroyed by the breath of slander, or the mean spirit of jealousy; and the participation of those social affections, which give a zest to life, and sooth the mind perplexed with the cares, troubles, and misfortunes attendant on our pilgrimage. We also present our fervent wish, that our little work may find increasing merit in the happy moments of its patrons, as having added in some slight degree to their amusement and instruction, and draw forth additional patronage and support; that on the coming New Year, our "Magnolia," in all the beauties of full flower—its blossoms filled with the richest fragrances, may delight its friends with its rich fund of instruction and innocent amusement.

D. S. KITTLE, of Troy, is the Travelling Agent for this paper.

To Correspondents.

The lines by "RAY," appear in this number; we thank our friend for his promise of favoring us again.

The pieces by "ALFONSO," were received too late for this number.

The communication of "W. T. B." is declined.

We have received several communications, which will receive attention before long.

For the Magnolia.

Information Wanted.

MR. EDITOR—Can you inform me who was the author of the "*On dits of Fashionable Life*," which appeared in the Rural Repository of last week? I am a lady out of employment and would like to procure a lap dog or some other such trifling little play thing, as I should suppose the inventor of the "*On dits*" to be. If you can give me any information which will enable me to obtain this harmless amusement, you will receive the thanks of

GLORIANA.

We would be very happy to comply with the request of Gloriana; but she will pardon us from saying, that as she enquires concerning lap dogs, and as we have no dealing with puppies, we cannot give her the desired information.—Ed. Magnolia.

Hudson Forum.

The next meeting of the Hudson Forum will take place on Thursday evening the 16th instant, when the following question will be discussed. *Is it unconstitutional under the existing circumstances, for a State to nullify the Laws of Congress, or recede from the Union?*

O. P. BALDWIN, Sec'y.

The following "*Alliteration*," handed us for publication, we insert with pleasure, from what source it originally appeared we are unable to state.

Alliteration.

Frederick Fawner, famed for firmest friendship,
finding female flattery fruitless, fled far from fair frequented flourishing fields, fixed far in frowning forests,
formed the following fine flourishing final farewell,
for false fallacious Fanny Fastidious.

Flattering friend, farewell forever!
Hope hath hung his harp on high—
Every effort or endeavour,
Starts some serious, sobbing sigh.

When with warmest wishes wooing,
Lingered long love's languid look;
Silence still sublimely showing
Firmest faith for forms forsook.

Pleasing prospects prove protecting;
Innocency is insate;
Deserts dear delights directing,
Far from former frowning fate.

Pleasure's pleasing path pursuing,
That through tearless time tread
Vagrant virtues vainly viewing,
She still pseudo shining shed.

False, fallacious friend, farewell!
Shall sorrowing sighs still sild, sleep?
To transient time thy troubles tell;
Why with wearied wanderings weep?

Pills, medical and philosophical, prescribed for the purpose of purging the public, &c. by

PETER PETERBOX.

For the Magnolia.

Song.

By Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Gent.

That lip so brightly smiling,
 Conceals a pang of woe—
 Though mirth is now beguiling
 The passions as they flow;
 And morn on the morrow,
 When joy has floated by,
 'Will drink the cup of sorrow,
 And heave a painful sigh.

That butterfly in brightness,
 Now hovering o'er the flow'r,
 Will lose its airy lightness
 Ere winter's dreary hour—
 Its pinions bright be faded—
 Its flight be seen no more—
 Its summer-sun be shaded,
 And all its pleasure o'er.

Pine Orchard, Jan. 1834.

THE TWO IMPEDIMENTS.—A rich buxom widow of a certain village in the state of Pennsylvania, became enamoured of a handsome young yankee pedlar, with whom she was in the habit of trading, whenever he chanced to go that road, finding that all her modest hints to elicit a formal declaration from the travelling merchant had only been thrown away, she at last condescended to introduce the theme herself, and had the pleasure to hear him confess that he had long thought of the subject as one dearest to his heart; and that there were only two impediments in the way of their mutual happiness, which she alone could remove. The delighted widow begged him to mention them, and pledged herself for their removal. "Alas, madam!" replied he, "when I name the first only, I fear that you will abandon me to despair." "Fear not, sir, but name it." "Know then, loveliest of your sex! that I can never be happy with a wife, be her affections, virtues, and accomplishments what they may, until I can make her mistress of a comfortable habitation, and am myself master of a retail store, the income of which will support her genteelly." The widow smiled sweetly, bade him name the necessary sum, and to call for it on a certain hour of a certain day, when she should expect to learn the nature of the only remaining obstacle to their union. The pedlar was punctual, received the money, and informed her that the other was nothing but—another wife!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A GOOD HIT.—Some persons being in conversation the other day on religious subjects, one of them remarked, that a certain clergyman who had long been the shepherd of a flock, who had become so haughty that he did not know some of the members of his own church, because they happened to be poor. Another observed that "he must be a singular shepherd not to know the sheep of his own flock." A little girl about eight years old who was present, busy at her play, replied, "Mamma, he ought to do as grand-pa used to do with his sheep—paint their noses."

THE BELL AND KNOCKER.—A would-be wit, the other evening, experienced an improvement on the old pun of ringing the bell. After repeating the anecdote to an elderly matron and her three daughters, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, the mother joyously said, "Well, sir, here are three *bells*, which of them will you ring?" "Oh, pardon me, madam," he replied, "I am in no hurry to reduce the pun to practice." "Indeed, sir!" cried the youngest, a pert little miss of sixteen, "then since you don't choose to ring the *bells*, (pointing to the eldest,) suppose you try the *knocker*." Suiting the action to the word, she gave him a smart box on the ear for his want of gallantry.

Among the pleadings of the French Bar, the following brief speech has been preserved by the curious. The defendant was a *dauber* of signs, was wretchedly poor, hideously ugly, proverbially stupid, and moreover was accused of seduction. The following was the pleading of his lawyer:—

"Gentlemen—My arguments on this case shall be brief. In the seduction of a woman, one of these requisites are indispensable: the seducer must possess beauty, money, or sense. My client is ugly, beggarly and foolish.—*Ugly*—look at him. *Beggarly*—he is a painter of signs. *Foolish*—interrogate him. Gentlemen, I persist in my conclusions."

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the Sacristan among other marvels, a dirty opaque phial. After eyeing it some time the traveller said, "Do you call *this* a relic?" "Sir," said the Sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the *darkness* that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

Capting, how many dollars is the fair to Bosing? Eleving! That's too much, by Heving? Then, will you give seving? Yes, that I've done fisting? Well then with two you have giving, this five makes us eving.—Oh certaing, Capting!

Married,

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Frederick J. Barnard Esq. of Albany, to Mrs. Eliza Hoamer, of this city.

At Stockport on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Henry Sturges, to Miss Ann Eliza Cleaveland, both of Hudson.

Also, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Elisha Babcock, to Miss Catherine Eliza Patterson, both of this city.

Died,

At Hillsdale, on the 28th ult. John Collin, aged 61 years.

Suddenly, in Clavenack, on the 27th inst., of the crop, Cornelia Ann, in her sixth year, daughter of Dr Jacob, S. Miller.

In this city, on the 1st inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Tabitha Marriot, aged 49 years.

At Claverack, on the 3d inst. Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of Doctor Jacob S. Miller, in the 9th year of her age.

For the Magnolia.

THE SUN.

There's beauty in the sun of spring,

When winter's gloom is o'er;

With light upon his yellow wing,

Which heralds him before;

And giving life to bud and tree,

Like mother nursing infancy.

There's beauty in the summer sun,

At sweet decline of day,

When he throws his golden light upon;

Valley, tree, and spray;

Then melts away behind the hill,

And all is cool, and calm, and still.

And autumn's sun hath beauties, which,

Peculiarly his own,

Bestow an influence ripe and rich,

Upon the mellow ground;

And earth yields up her treasures then,

From willing hill and glen.

The sun of winter cold and drear—

The storms that then prevail,

But make its rays more doubly dear,

Shining through sleet and hail,

As hope beams through affection's clouds,

And on the mind in splendor crowds.

—BAY?

Story of the Countess of Stair.

"This house was occupied by the dowager of the celebrated general and statesman, John, second Earl of Stair, who died in 1747. Her Ladyship, after long exercising a sway over the haunts of the Scottish Capitol, died here, November 21, 1769, at a very advanced age. The late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' informed the author that he recollected her Ladyship living in this house. The close takes its name from her Ladyship. Some remarkable circumstances in the early life of this lady formed the groundwork of a tale by the author of *Waverley*, under the title of 'Aunt Margaret's Mirror.' They are now related here in more ample form. She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudon, and consequently was granddaughter to that stern old Earl, who acted so important a part in the affairs of the covenant, and who was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublesome times of the civil war. While very young, (about the beginning of the 18th century,) she was married to James, first Viscount Primrose, a nobleman of extremely bad temper, and what was worse, of every dissolute character.—Her Ladyship, who had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character; but the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even to apprehend that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time she was laboring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber near the open window, when his Lordship entered the room behind her, with a sword drawn in his hand. He had opened the door softly, and altho' his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he

still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would, in all probability, have approached her near enough to execute his bloody purpose before she was aware, or could have taken any measure to save herself. Fortunately she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Primrose's mother, where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence a foreign conjurer or fortune-teller came to Edinburgh, professing, among other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person, of the present condition of other persons, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity, to go with a female friend, to the lodgings of this person in the Canongate, for the purpose of inquiring regarding his motions. It was at night, and the two ladies went with the tartan screen, or plaids of their servants, drawn over their faces by way of disguise. Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjurer led her to large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the appearance of the inside of a church with a marriage party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment, she recognized in the shadowy bridegroom, no other than her husband, Lord Primrose. The magical scene, thus so strikingly displayed, was more exactly like a picture of the stage than the dead and immovable delineations of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of a progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed; the necessary arrangements had, at last been all made, the priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands; when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and in whom Lady Primrose thought she recognized a brother of her own abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party.

The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had come too late; but as he advanced to the party, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered very sensibly. He stopped short; his face assumed a wrathful expression; he drew his sword, and rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then became quite tumultuous and indistinct, and almost immediately vanished entirely away. When Lady Primrose got home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This

narrative she sealed up in the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers.

Soon afterwards her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked, if in the course of his wanderings, he happened to see or hear anything of Lord Primrose. The young man only answered by saying that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detected personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, questioned him so closely that he at last confessed having met his Lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the principal Dutch cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a very rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend, the merchant, informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scottish gentleman, who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in a few days, and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but fortunately came in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady, to the greatest monster alive in human shape—his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose! Although Lady Primrose had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised and confounded by discovering them to be consistent with fact, that she almost fainted away. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord Primrose's attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked him on what day the circumstance which he related, took place. Having been informed, she took out her key, and requested him to go to her chamber, to open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady Primrose had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials on the very evening they were transacted in reality. The story, with all its strange and supernatural circumstances, may only excite a smile in the incredulous reader. All that the narrator desires to say in favor is this—it fell out in the hands of honorable men and women, who could not be suspected of an intention to impose on the credulity of their friends; it referred to a circumstance which the persons concerned had the least reason for raising a story about; and it was almost universally believed by the contemporaries of the principal personages and by the generation which succeeded.

A young lady while walking with a gentleman, stumbled; and when her companion, to prevent her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, sir!" she simpered, "if it comes to that, you must ask papa."

From the American Monthly Magazine.

A Spanish Fable.

A bear, with whom his master sought
An honest living to obtain,
Vain of his dancing, once essayed
The mood of others' praise to gain.

Triumphant on the circle round
Gazing—at length an ape he spied.
"What think you of my art?" quoth he—
"Bad—bad!" the cynic ape replied.

"Indeed!" the disappointed brute
Sullen rejoined—"tis ev'ry's strain!
Is not my air the height of grace?
And every step with judgment taken?"

A pig approached—with rapture gazed—
"Wonderous!" he cried, "what steps! what mien!
A dancer of such magic skill
Ne'er has, nor ever will be seen!"

Bruin the sentence heard, and paused;
Long in his brain revolved the same,
Then thus, with modest attitude,
Humbled and changed, was heard exclaim:

"When the wise monkey consumed me,
I 'gan to fear my labour vain;
But since the pig has praised—alas!
I ne'er shall dare to dance again!"

Each author to this rule attend—
Doubt fortune, if the critic blames,
But when your work the fools commend,
At once consign it to the flames!

Hiring a Cook.

"If it were only a wife now, that I wanted, there would be hope for me,—but a cook!—Well, as it storms too hard for you my love, to venture out, I must go," said Mr. Manning.

"I regret the necessity," my dear; but this is the day, and if the woman does not hear from me, she will doubtless engage herself, and she refused to call here."

"How I wish we could have a patent invention for cooks as well as cooking stoves!" thought Mr. M. as he entered the house where his intended cook resided.

She appeared,—a large, formed,—well dressed female, with quite an air of importance. In fashionable life she would have made what is called a show woman,

"Your terms are,—"

"Four dollars a week, sir."

"That is more than we have been accustomed to give. My family is not large.—Five in the parlor only; and we have a boy and chambermaid."

"You may hire cooks cheaper, I suppose,—but that is my price."

"I will give you two dollars and fifty cents we have never paid but nine shillings."

"It is of no consequence to talk about it," said madam cook, indignantly. And she swept, out of the room with a gesture that might have become Fanny Kemble, when she turned up her nose at the price first offered her by the managers of the Tremont.

"Let me calculate"—thought Mr. M. as he walked home; "I cannot expect to realize more than fifteen hundred clear, from the profits of my store, it may be less. And now, \$4 per week for a cook, \$1.25 each for boy and chambermaid;—board of the three \$2

each, at the lowest, is—\$12.50 per week, or six hundred and twenty-five dollars the year.

Then, for rent, rates, provisions, fuel, clothing and all else for my own family and our parties, I have \$875; and my daughters want masters, and my wife must, for health's sake, go one journey in the year.

"There must be something wrong in the present fashions of society. An educated man thinks it no shame to do the business of his profession, whatever it may be. I work hard in my store every day. But women, who are educated must not put their hands to household employment; though that is all the task we assign to our females. It would degrade a lady to be seen in her kitchen to work. O, how many are now sitting at ease in their parlors while their husbands, fathers, brothers or sons are toiling like slaves!—and what is worse than toil, anxiously bearing a load of care, lest their exertions should not meet the expense of their families.

"It cannot continue thus. If women, who receive a fashionable education, are thereby rendered incapable of performing their domestic duties—why men will marry cooks, by and by and shun the fashionables as they would paupers.

"Yet it may be the pride and folly of us men, after all. We want the whole command of business the whole credit of management. We do not communicate to our wives and daughters the embarrassments we suffer, or the need we have of their assistance—at least, co-operation. I will see what effect this confidence will produce."

The two elder Miss Mannings (the youngest is at school) take each their turn in the kitchen every other week, and with the counsel of Mrs. M. and the help of the boy, every thing in the home department goes on like clock work. They say, that they will never be troubled with cooks again. And what is better, Mr. M. declares that his daughters were never so gay and contented for a month together before—and never had so much time for their music and studies.

Early rising and active employment for a few hours each day, are wonderful promoters of health and cheerfulness; and leisure is never appreciated till it is earned by efforts to be useful.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

PARENTS.—Consider, thou art a parent, the importance of thy trust. The being thou hast produced it is thy duty to support. Upon thee also it dependeth, whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself, a useful or a worthless member of community. Prepare him early with instruction, and season his mind early with the maxims of truth. Watch the bent of his inclination, set him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain strength with his years. So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountain. His head shall be seen above the trees of the forest. The soil is thine own. Let it not want cultivation. The seed which thou sowest, that also shall thou reap.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father; but he that doeth right is an honor to his gray hairs.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee.
Teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits.

Teach him charity, and he shall gain love.
Teach him temperance, and he shall have health.

Teach him prudence and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honored by the world.

Teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase.

Teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful.

Teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

A FRIENDLY PINDER.—An Englishman lately in Paris, a great amateur of lions, bears, tigers, and other ferocious animals, became acquainted with Monsieur Martin, and made frequent visits to his celebrated menagerie. Martin, had occasion to leave Paris, and in his absence he contrived, by bribing the keeper to obtain his permission to walk in the interior, and amuse himself by feeding the animals through the cages. The keeper, who was busily employed in serving out the food, had forgotten to close the gate of the lion's den. The gentleman happening to turn round, was horror struck at perceiving his Majesty of the Forest, stretching himself with a particular degree of satisfaction within a few yards of him. Surrounded by a high wall, without arms, stick, or even an umbrella to defend himself, his situation was not an enviable one. A lucky idea struck him—he had his snuff-box in his hand, and threw the contents into the lion's face, who, in the most obliging manner, turned round to sneeze, giving the gentleman an opportunity of slipping into the den and closing the gate upon himself, remaining there until the keeper returned and released him.

DIALOGUE.—*Mr. Tompkins.*—Ah, my dear friend Mr. Jenkins. How d'ye do?

Mr. Jenkins.—Quite well I thank you.

Mr. Tompkins.—Pray walk in. Take a chair. And how does Mrs. Jenkins do?

Mr. Jenkins.—My dear Sir, I came abroad in quest of quiet, and if you please we will change the subject.—*Lowell Journal.*

CHURCHGOING DOGS.—In several districts of Scotland the shepherd's dog always accompanies his master to church. Some of them are said to be more regular in attendance than their masters.

This reminds us of the anecdote of a dog, a very steady obedient dog, as long as he went to a certain church, became all at once a fiery, snappish, ugly quadruped, a contentious and bloodthirsty animal, because he had changed his former views, and attended the lectures of an itinerant ranting seismatic.

The Carrier's Address

To the Patrons of

THE MAGNOLIA.

JANUARY 1, 1834.

To the sick and the needy, the gloomy and gay,
Who dwell in this wilderness here,
We make our "best bow," and repeat while we may,
Good morning—a Happy New Year!

There's pleasure in walking by morn's merry light,
To meet all our friends who are dear;
And while the eye brightens with inward delight,
To greet them with—Happy New Year!

Now winter has spread her pure mantle of snow,
O'er frozen leaves withered and dead;
And though the bleak north-wind may chillingly blow,
We will wish you a—Happy New Year!

To all the Young Folks who a sleigh-riding go,
Besides a sweet kiss and good cheer,
We wish you may all by experience know,
The sweets of a—Happy New Year!

To all the Old Folks who are circled at home,
Round the fire-side from childhood so dear;
To your hearts may no grief or affliction e'er come,
While you're spending this—Happy New Year!

But may happiness cast a bright ray on your road,
While you traverse this troublesome sphere,
Till at last you ascend to a brighter abode,
And begin a bliss—Happy New Year!

To all the Old Bachelors weary of life,
Your beaters crush up—never fear!
May you all be successful in finding a wife,
Ere the close of this—Happy New Year!

To all the Old Maidens with locks turning grey,
My beauties there's hope for you here!
Who knows but in ages hereafter, you may
"Bless the luck of a—Happy New Year!"

To all the Esquimaux with whickers and snuff,
Natties and moustaches—oh dear!
I cannot express myself fully enough
In giving you—Happy New Year!

With the Lawyers who combat oppression and wrong,
And are mov'd at adversity's tear;
We exchange salutations with gratitude strong,
And wish them a—Happy New Year!

To the Merchants whose ships o'er the briny waves go,
Here's success to your hopes—never fear!
May all your deep coffers with shiners o'erflow,
Ere the close of this—Happy New Year!

To our honest Mechanics who labor each day,
For their wives and their children so dear;
May sorrow and want from your homes fly away,
While spending this—Happy New Year!

To our Patrons we bow, as in gratitude bound,
And exclaim with a smile beaming clear:
Unto you may each blessing forever abound,
Cheerful hearts, and a—Happy New Year!

And now my poetical labor is thro'—

Oh, so! I'm forgetful I fear;

Remember to "render the Devil his due,"

Who greets you with—Happy New Year!

SCENE IN OUR OFFICE. "Dis de office ob de Saturday Wister?" asked a colored blood, stepping into our office a day or two since. Answer being in the affirmative, he pulled up the corners of his collar and exclaimed, "Where you has paper?" The clerk handed him one of the last number, when he placed his ebony finger on a communication signed "Sensitive"—"Who write dat 'are article?" "I don't know," replied the clerk.—"Ah! you don't know! well—you tell him I treat him wid de utmost contempt and be so kind as to trike my name off you supercision list, I don't paralyze papers what make personalities."—*Bull. Venter.*

A NEW METHOD OF TAKING A PROFILE.—Early on a very cold morning, a travelling profile cutter called at the house of a wag and inquired if he wanted a profile taken. "Yes," was the reply, "I want yours taken from my door."

Agents for the Magnolia.

NEW-YORK.

A. F. Miller, Gellatin.
Moore & Stone, Pittsburgh.
I. W. Chappell, Eaton.
Levi L. Hill, Kingston.
Alexander F. Wheeler, Chatham 4 Corners.
J. Douglas, Haverstraw.
Charles S. Willard, Catskill.
C. B. Dutcher, Spencer town.
Mr. Ford, Red Rock.
D. D. Newberry, Syracuse.
Jacob D. Clark, Delhi.
Clinton L. Adancourt, Troy.
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